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A

PASTORAL CORDIAL,

OR, AN

ANODYNE SERMON:

PREACHED BEFORE

Their GRACES N. and D.

In the COUNTRY,

By an INDEPENDENT TEACHER of the Truth.

Τὸς δὲ δὲ μοῖρ' ἐδαμασσε θεῶν καὶ σκετλία ἔργα.

HOMER.

L O N D O N:

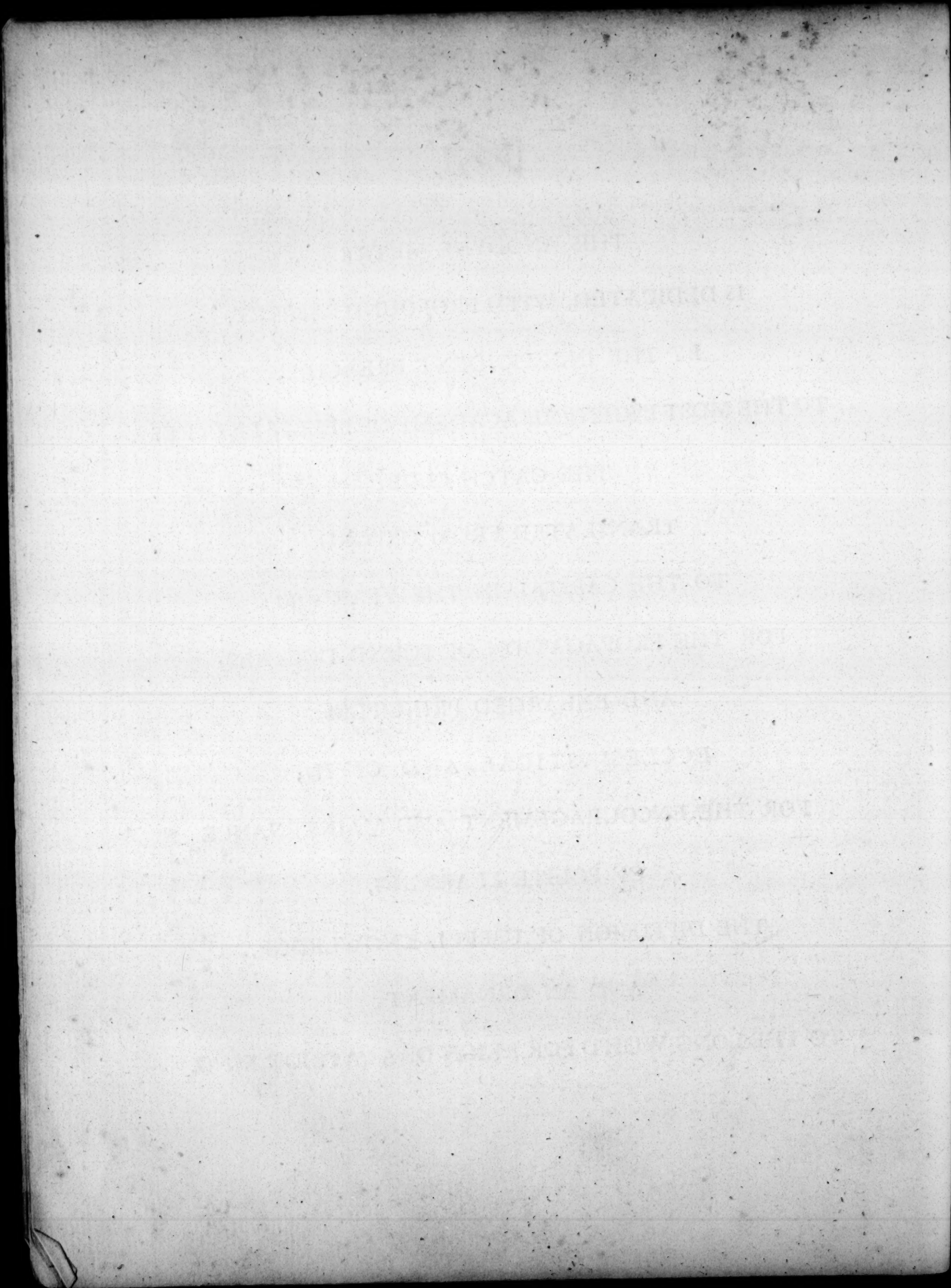
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39.
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357.

THIS ANODYNE METRE
IS DEDICATED, WITH PROFOUND RESPECT,
BY THE INDEPENDENT PREACHER
TO THE MOST INGENIOUS ACADEMY OF BELLES LETTRES
THE CATCH CLUB:
TRANSLATED FROM OXFORD
TO THE CAPITAL IN THE YEAR 1761:
FOR THE PROPAGATION OF SOUND DOCTRINE
AND ENLARGED PRINCIPLES
ECCLESIASTICAL AND CIVIL;
FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT AND MAINTENANCE
OF POLITE LEARNING,
THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE,
AND AN ORNAMENT
TO THE LONG WISH'D FOR REIGN OF A PATRIOT KING.





A
 PASTORAL CORDIAL,
 OR, AN
 ANODYNE SERMON.

The Battle is not to the Strong;
 Nor to the Swift of Foot the Race:
 But Time and Chance to all belong,
 Whether they're in, or out of Place.

I Shall so handle, by God's Blessing,
 The subject Matter of my Text,
 That you will soon grow tired of guessing
 What I propose to offer next:
 An Art if studied with some Care,
 Which in its Object seldom fails,
 And tho' first practis'd on the Fair,
 Succeeds as well upon the Males.

By

By Means of this sublime Invention,
 Many an Orator and Clerk,
 Eluding the most strict Attention,
 Has wooed and won you in the dark.
 The Head and Heart are often ta'en,
 Like other Fortresses by Storm,
 Some cannot stand a *Coup de Main*,
 That would hold out a Siege in Form.
 Inspired *Cromwell* and Sir *Harry*,
 Like Eagles mounting in their Flight,
 Would never stoop to strike their Quarry,
 'Till both were lost and out of Sight:
 Despising Rules above all Plan,
 Born on the Wings of Prayer and Praise,
 Bursting into the inward Man,
 They set the Spirit in a Blaze;
 Which by the outward Man's Assistance,
 Serv'd for a Beacon to the Godly,
 And kept the Devil at a distance,
 He look'd so fierce, and talk'd so oddly.

I hate

I hate to wander very wide ;
 A skilful Orator proceeds,
 Like modest Folks that step aside
 Only when forc'd to do their Needs.
 So Senators by ancient Use,
 When they no longer can contain,
 Just step aside to spirt Abuse,
 And to their Text return again.

The Battle is not to the Strong,
 'Tis mostly by the Weaker won,
 But mostly is not all along,
 Nor quite so certain as a Gun.
 Now tho' you're worsted in the Battle,
 There still arises a Dispute,
 Which may be difficult to settle,
 Who is the weaker, You or *Bute* ?
 Taking it either Way for granted,
 Seeing you're out, and he is in,
 There's still a Point to be descanted ;
 Whether it signifies a Pin :

B

Then

Then for your Graces and each Whig,
 Another Point requires some 'Thought,
 Whether You Both are worth a Fig,
 Or all your Party worth a Groat.
 These Points discuss'd, and fairly tried,
 The rest in Order will succeed,
 Drawn out, display'd and ramify'd
 Like Pedigrees, or like a Creed.

First then, I'll shew that you are weaker,
 So weak and washy, that you may be,
 By any weak and washy Speaker,
 Prov'd to be weaker than a Baby.

Weakness is of a two-fold Kind,
 And is of different Degrees,
 Either of Body or of Mind,
 Explain'd by Acts that flow from these,
 That from the Mind and Body flow
 Like Torrents, oft with Ostentation,
 But those that know them also know,
 How soon they're dry ev'n to Privation.

How

How soon the Bully's Race is run !
 How soon his Impotence descry'd !
 How soon the simple Maid's undone,
 That trusts her Virtue to her Pride !
 How soon that Eloquence so rapid,
 Whipt to Verbosity and Froth,
 Subsides, and grows tasteless and vapid,
 And innocent as Chicken Broth !
 Like a young Puppy forc'd to clamber,
 Slipping and struggling up a Stile,
 I once got to a Levee Chamber,
 And was embarrass'd for a while ;
 The Dog finds footing at the Top,
 He wags his Tail, and cocks his Eye,
 Before he leaps, he makes a Stop,
 And makes Remarks, and so did I.
 I shou'd have wept, but by good Luck,
 Instead of being melancholy,
 I laugh'd to see so many struck
 With Imbecility and Folly :

To see so many as one finds ;
 So many, with the greatest Names,
 Entangled in the weakest Minds,
 And the most despicable Frames.
 I pitch'd on one, whom I affirm,
 To be a perfect Scale or Model,
 To try a Body that's infirm,
 Or mark the Weakness of a Noddle.
 I saw the Phantom enter in,
 He look'd, as if he came to fright us ;
 Dancing with a palsied Grin,
 The Dance according to Saint *Vitus*.
 A Ring was form'd ; with Starts and Catches,
 He scuttled round and round within it,
 Just like the Pointers of some Watches,
 That point the Seconds of a Minute.
 His Eyes were void of Speculation,
 His Nerves, entirely void of Feeling,
 His Tongue was made for Hesitation,
 His Legs were only made for Reeling.

How

How should an Olive Chaplet twine
 Round so ridiculous a Wig ?
 How should such Shoulders, such a Chine,
 Produce one single Olive Twig ?
 Do but apply, 'twill save much Trouble,
 This Model, for your own Diversion,
 If *Bute's* not stronger more than double,
 Mine was an impudent Assertion.

'Tho' One of You in his first Stage
 Made an Athletick mobbish Figure,
 When did he shew, at any Age,
 Any other Kind of Vigour ?
 Your Rival's Vigour and Address,
 At such an Age, such Strength and Fire ;
 Such a Continuance of Success,
 Many Folks envy ; I admire.
 Not to insist upon this longer,
 For it can only teaze and vex ;
 He is allow'd to be the stronger,
 By the best Judges in each Sex.

I see you'll wave this Point at length,
 Perhaps such Glory you despise,
 Perhaps you place your greatest Strength
 Upon the Strength of your Allies.

Ye Sons of Vice and vain Designs,
 What Heat, what Force can you impart,
 Tied by the Bonds of Dice and Quinze,
 And the loose Follies of the Heart?
 A Union deriv'd from Pelf,
 Where each contributes his whole Labour,
 Each only working for himself,
 Leaves his Engagements to his Neighbour.
 Like those Machines, absurd and puzzling,
 Where no one Spring controuls the rest,
 All independent and all bustling,
 As if they acted for the best.
 Like an Alliance with the *Tartars*,
 They hurt your Friends more than your Foes,
 To keep them out of one's own Quarters,
 Is all the Good one can propose.

Such

Such Troops must fly from You and Ruin,
Driven by an instinctive Force,
Like wild Geese when a Storm is brewing,
Flying o'er *Newmarket* Course.

Your happy Rival's Powers behold,
United like the *Theban* Band,
By Love, but not the Love of Gold,
Nor any Love I understand.
The Men of *Cocoa* take the Lead,
Not for their Enmity to *Pit*,
Nor for the Love they bear the *Tweed*,
Nor for their Valour, nor their Wit ;
Nor for their Loyalty, in brief,
Which they have very lately flipt on ;
But for their Faith, and firm Belief
In Second Sight * and Mother *Shipton*.

* Some Refiners pretend, that by Second Sight is meant that Pertinacity, with which the *Cocobites*, like the *Jews*, are constantly looking for a Second Redeemer or *Messiah* ; and that their Faith in Mother *Shipton* means their zealous Attachment to the Church, that is, to the old infallible Church, whose Infallibility is founded upon Anility ; a Term used by Schoolmen for the most perfect Kind of Tradition ; for Tradition derived from the most remote Age, which is DOTAGE.

Inflam'd with Wine they scour the Fields,
 Than any Bacchanalians madder,
 With quaint Devices on their Shields,
Jacob's Staff, and *Jacob's* Ladder.
 Obedient, inur'd to Toils,
 Their *Northern* Brethren next appear,
 Big with the Prospect of your Spoils,
 His exil'd Forces close the Rear.
 Pride is hateful in Heaven's Sight,
 But Vanity it must forgive;
 Without it, none would ever write,
 And many would not bear to live.
 Vanity soon begins to droop,
 Snubb'd by the flightest Opposition,
 But stubborn Pride will neither stoop
 To Heaven, nor the Inquisition.
 If any Pride be lurking here,
 Of which I harbour no Belief,
 Whether a Commoner or Peer,,
 I give him up to endless Grief.

Such

Such Imputation on your Graces
 Admits no Shadow of Pretence ;
 You both have acted in all Cases,
 Divested of that sinful Sense.
 To such as you I mean to speak,
 My Preaching has no other Scope,
 To the Poor-spirited and Meek,
 They shall find Comfort and sure Hope.
 Left Vanity upon the Road
 Should draw you in to a Relapse,
 I must still urge you with my Goad,
 And give you mortifying Raps.

Of mental Powers next I treat,
 The Vulgar claim so great a Share,
 They're of less Value with the Great,
 Tho' not less worthy of their Care :
 For by the Help of the best Stuff ;
 The Vulgar, now and then, no doubt,
 Contrive to do things well enough,
 Almost as well as you without.

Some Powers are active, fiery, bold,
 Some to Neutrality inclin'd :
 Others are timorous and cold,
 Totally passive and resign'd.
 The First is like a Zealot preaching ;
 The Neutral like a rosy Dean ;
 The Passive like a Curate teaching,
 Hungry and weary, poor and lean :
 Or like a Cuckold doom'd by Fate
 To rise when his Lieutenant knocks,
 And give up both his Bed and Mate
 As if he kept a Play-house Box :
 Or like some Governments we know,
 The First a Monarch to a Tittle ;
 The Neutral serves to make a Shew ;
 The Passive serves for very little.
 Lastly, the First in many Senses
 Is like his Lordship with his Hounds,
 Breaking down every body's Fences,
 Riding in every body's Grounds ;

All things obey his Lordship's Beck,
 All yield to his superior Skill,
 His poor Toad-eater breaks his Neck,
 Compell'd to leap against his Will.
 As for these Three which we have reckon'd,
 Your Graces evermore possess'd
 Less of the First than of the Second,
 More of the Third than all the rest.
 The active Principle within
 Produces sometimes on the Brain,
 A Rage and Violence like Gin,
 Sometimes a Spirit, like Champaigne.

O *Hollis* once, but seldom since,
 You felt that Flame when You withstood,
 And sent a Challenge to a Prince,
 To fight for an old Lady's Hood *;
 Spite of that Prince's Opposition,
 The Hood was won, in Triumph led,
 And from that Time your chief Ambition
 Has been to wear it on your Head.

* Chancellorship of *Cambridge* which he carried against the late P. of *W*.

In short, this mental Power of late
 You've by Degrees so melted down,
 It only serv'd like your Gold Plate,
 To do the Honours of the Crown.

The Powers in which you are most able,
 In which you both have always shone,
 Have small Weight at a Council Table,
 Or any Tables but your own.

One may be forc'd to use their Aid,
 But these indeed, are Times of Need,
 Just as one's forc'd to ride a Jade,
 Tho' she has neither Wind nor Speed :

If you bait oft, if you rise soon,
 If when she's staling you'll attend,
 And nap not in the Afternoon,
 She'll bring you to your Journey's End.

Your Graces should have been inclin'd
 To move like Planets in your Places,
 To plodding, One have been confin'd ;
 One to the Circle of Grimaces.

I mean

I mean oblig'd only to plod,
 To plod and not to understand;
 No more oblig'd than a white Rod
 Is bound to be a Conjuror's Wand.
 A thing design'd to catch the Eye,
 That knows no other End or Trick,
 All that is signify'd thereby,
 Is nothing more than a white Stick.
 'Tis born by Chamberlains and Shrieves,
 But why, I can no more explain,
 Than why a Bishop wears Lawn Sleeves,
 Or why a Page must bear his Train;
 Or why Archbishops should not rather
 Give up to God with one Accord,
 The Title of Most Reverend Father*,
 And be content with that of Lord.

* The Title of Most Reverend Father is impious. Surely God the Father is the Father the most worthy of Reverence. As to the Title of a Spiritual Lord, I see no Inconvenience in their assuming it; at least, like your Grace or your Worship, it implies no Impiety; it only implies Nonsense. Where is the Sense of a Spiritual Lord or a Heavenly Lord? All the Lords that we know are either *British* Lords or *Irish* Lords: Carnal, Substantial, and Terra Firma Lords.

Why Kings, that are such precious Things,
 Are made like us of Flesh and Bones,
 Instead of making them like Rings,
 Nothing but Gold and precious Stones.
 Or why it is esteem'd so hard,
 To fall into some Lady's Clutches,
 That a red Ribbon's the Reward
 For venturing to wed a Duchess.

Your Rival's Parts I will not mention,
 And yet to give him but his Due,
 There's no Occasion for Invention
 To prove that He has more than You.
 Great Parts are oft expos'd to Laughter,
 To Wickedness are oft ally'd,
 Those are best off here and hereafter,
 That have no more than they can guide.
 You are the foremost of the latter,
 Grant him the first, no more contend,
 And I foresee; I do not flatter,
 You'll make a sweeter latter End.

Your

Your Rival having made his Push,
 And kick'd you out without Remorse,
 Whether it signifies a Rush,
 Is the next Part of my Discourse.

 If you are treated ill and put on,
 'Tis natural to make a Fufs;
 To see it and not care a Button,
 Is just as natural for us.
 Perhaps from Men of greater Fashion,
 Greater Professions you may draw,
 You may extract all their Compassion,
 The Extract is not worth a Straw.
 Like People viewing at a Distance
 Two Persons thrown out of a Casement,
 All we can do for your Assistance,
 Is to afford you our Amazement.
 We see Men thrown from a high Story,
 And never think the Sight's so odd,
 Whether the Patient's Whig or Tory,
 But take things as it pleases God.

For

For an impartial Looker on,
 In such Disasters never chuses,
 'Tis neither *Tom*, nor *Will*, nor *John*,
 'Tis the Phenomenon amuses.
 In *Holland* thus, *Peter* the Great,
 Wanting to see a live Dissection,
 Bid them take any of his Suite,
 To be cut up for his Inspection.
 He cared not where the Choice might fall,
 Of Persons he was no Respector,
 He would have parted with them all,
 For such an edifying Lecture.
 In Characters like his compleat,
 No partial Preferences strike,
 Like him great Monarchs ought to treat
 Their loving Subjects all alike.
 Whilst such an Enmity endures,
 Bones must be broken, Heads must ake,
 We had as lief they should be Yours,
 As any others for your Sake.

Sermons especially of late,
 Like most *Narcoticks* are too heady,
 They sink you with a deadly Weight,
 Unless you have sharp Acids ready.
 If this should be too sharp and biting,
 I do protest 'tis my Mistake,
 I have no Thoughts at all of spiteing,
 I only want to keep you awake.
 I must entreat you not to doze,
 Keep a good watch over your Heads,
 At Night you'll find that your Repose
 Will be more pleasant in your Beds.

I find your Graces hope for Favour,
 And dream of popular Applause,
 For a most regular Behaviour,
 A strict Conformity to Laws.
 And you insinuate, your Rival
 Has Tenets hurtful to the State,
 That all his Aim is the Revival
 Of every Tenet that we hate.

D

But

But if his Interest's the same,
 As it's the same with yours in fact,
 When he's pursuing the same Game,
 You need not tell us how he'll act.
 Like You entrusted with his Purse
 Why should he, when he knows his Trim,
 Exchange his Master for a worse?
 I only mean a worse for him.
 Like you he may grow so refin'd,
 When all his Intellects are purg'd,
 To think that Princes were design'd,
 Not for a Scourge, but to be scourg'd.
 If he has been a Friend to Learning,
 And early plighted her his Troth,
 Like You he may grow more discerning,
 Like You he may become a Goth.

Pray where's the mighty Obligation,
 For leaving Matters as you found them?
 Is it because of the Temptation,
 When they're well settled to confound them?

You

You are no Jacobite I ween,
 You have despis'd them from a Boy,
 Just as a *Chinese* Mandarin
 Despises a poor *Talapoi* *.
 Your Lives, your Wealth, for which I'm troubled,
 In the Court's Service have been spent;
 The more Fools you, both to be bubbled,
 And damn'd, unless you well repent.
 What's that to Us? must We the Rabble
 All fall together by the Ears
 For an uninteresting Squabble,
 Amongst you interested Peers?
 Why should we run and heat our Blood,
 And be stirr'd up to an Alarm,
 For Men that cannot do us Good,
 And dare not do us any Harm?
 You've heard the Words of an old Song,
 A wiser than the Song of Songs,
 That certain Folks can do no Wrong,
 Others must answer for their Wrongs:

* The *Talapois* are a Sect of *Indian* Philosophers, whose System of Happiness runs upon four Wheels; Idleness, Ignorance, Obstinacy, and Beggary.

Were I to answer for another,
Both drunk and sober, sad and gay,
Even if 'twas for my own Brother,
I'd think on't often in a Day.
If this has sometimes made you pale,
And made the Sweat run down your Phiz,
Why should we think that it can fail
To have the same Effect on His?

Your Graces are deceiv'd no less,
In our Opinion, of the Skill
Requir'd for Charges, which we guess
Any One of us could fill.
Tho' some may rate your Science high,
'Tis all Pretension and Parade,
To a judicious Stander by,
Your Science must appear a Trade.

But not to enter into Measures,
When was such Madness ever known,
To trust One with the Nation's Treasures,
That can't be trusted with his own?

Must

Must it not always be in Straits,
 For ever growing worse and worse,
 For ever pledg'd like your Estates,
 Like them, for ever sent to nurse ?
 From such Opinions you'll conclude,
 That far from wond'ring at your Parts,
 We all conceive ourselves endued,
 With as much Skill, and as good Hearts.

My Thoughts of Government, tho' vain,
 Are singular and entertaining :
 How many Parts it may contain,
 And what they're like, is worth explaining.
 They're Three, and each like a wild Beast,
 The First to a Lion I compare,
 The next a Tyger from the East,
 The Third is like an *Alpine* Bear.
 The former with Sheeps Heads are fed,
 Flesh is best suited to their Maws ;
 The Bear will live upon Rye Bread,
 And on the Suckings of his Paws ;

Bruin's

Bruin's not nice about his Food,
 But very fond of Fun and Play,
 He's neither covetous of Blood,
 Nor fullen like those Beasts of Prey.
 Suppose them thrust into one Den,
 Carefully managed, and observ'd,
 By any of those vulgar Men
 By whom such Animals are serv'd ;
 To keep their Union entire,
 They must be brought up all together,
 And if they're fed as they require,
 They may be govern'd by a Feather.
 But should their Keeper without Scruple,
 Let out his Lion in a Crowd,
 Neither th' Excuses of the Pupil,
 Or Governour, will be allow'd.
 They'll send the Tutor for his Frolick,
 (Shooting his Pupil in their Rage,)
 To lie like *Quixote* in the Cholick,
 Stinking in an enchanted Cage.

'Tis all the same, Tyger or Lion,
 It would have been as bad a Job ;
 The Bear was safer to rely on,
 The Bear's a Favourite of the Mob.
 I hope your Graces at last see,
 That we, who never taste your Feasts,
 Care little whether You or He
 Have the Direction of the Beasts.

Your Value has been fairly stated ;
 Nothing remains but to enquire,
 Whether your Party can be rated,
 With any Reason, any higher.

Like the Physicians of the College,
 Or the Physicians of the Soul,
 The Whigs, with greater Zeal than Knowledge,
 Would fain prescribe without Controul ;
 Princes must bow to their Decrees,
 None of their Fancies be neglected,
 Their Dreams like *Saxe's* Reveries
 Must both be study'd and respected.

If

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If

If Dreamers must reform the State,
 If Dreamers are to be the strongest,
 Those ought to have the greatest Weight,
 That have continued to dream longest.
 Yours are the latest and the newest,
 And therefore I infer with Truth.
 Those are the strongest, and the truest
 That have been Dreamers from their Youth.
 'Twill also follow from this View,
 That all your Schemes must come to nought ;
 That neither You, nor your whole Crew,
 Are all together worth a Groat.
 Say then, who are the strongest Dreamers ?
 They who for ever have been croaking ;
 Whose Dreams occasion Sweats and Tremors,
 Convulsions, Strangling and Choaking ?
 Those Dreamers, *Cocoa*, are thy Sons,
 Entranc'd in Visions half an Age ;
 That come at last in Swarms like Huns,
 And drive the Whigs quite off the Stage,

Oblig'd

Oblig'd to seek, like routed Bees,
 A Shelter for their wretched Lives,
 In dreary Vales and hollow Trees,
 Far from St. *James's* honied Hives.

Here I'll give you a Resting Place,
 The only Place in my Disposal ;
 People in your neglected Case,
 Ought to be glad of the Proposal.
 It is a Sine Cure compleat,
 Which for your Lives I'll let you keep ;
 Nothing to do but drink and eat,
 To shave, repent, and go to sleep.

All your Miscarriages arise,
 In Spite of all that you advance,
 From your pretending to be wise,
 And not depending upon Chance.
 When did Chance fail you at a Pinch ?
 How many times, you know full well,
 When you durst hardly ask an Inch,
 Has not she given you an Ell ?

How many Years, to our Surprize,
 When Foes oppos'd you without Number ;
 Subsidies, Armies, Fleets, Supplies,
 Kept rolling on in one smooth Slumber ?
 By Time and Chance at first you rose,
 By Time and Chance at last you fall ;
 They humble you and raise your Foes,
 For Time and Chance happen to all.
 Be therefore patient and resign'd,
 To Time and Chance alone attend ;
 Trust not yourselves in any Kind,
 You cannot trust a Weaker Friend.
 The Battle is not to the Strong,
 Nor have the Weak always prevail'd ;
 If they did always right or wrong,
 Your Graces never could have fail'd.
 You're us'd to Sermons better dress'd,
 But Exercise, and Country Air,
 Will help your Graces to digest
 My coarse, but not unwholesome, Fare.

And

And may the Peace of God enlighten,
 And set your Hearts and Minds at rest,
 And may you evermore delight in
 A snug and comfortable Nest.
 And that which You could have no Hand in,
 The Peace of *Bute* upon You shine,
 A Peace above your Understanding,
 As much as Yours was above Mine.



Q U E R I E S
TO THE
CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

YE judging *Caledonian* Pedlars,
That to a scribbling World give Law,
Laid up engarretted, like Medlars,
Ripening Asperity in Straw!
Ye Guardians of the Tree of Folly,
The *Cocoa-Tree**, whose Leaves are clad
In Green eternal, like the Holly,
Variegated like a Plaid,
On which a Flower perennial grows,
Worn at the Cocobittick Games,
Between a Lilly and a Rose,
Inscrib'd with silly Royal Names†!

* *Rabelais* speaks with great Respect of this Tree, Book iii. Chap. li. Page 351. translated by *Ozell*.—"If the Worth and Virtue thereof, says he, had been known, when those Trees, by the Relation of the Prophet, made Election of a wooden King to rule and govern over them, it without all Doubt would have carried away from all the rest, the Plurality of Votes and Suffrages."

† Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum
Nascantur flores, et Phyllida solus habeto!

I come with no felonious Hand
 To steel one Blossom from your Tree;
 Right well I know, and understand,
 It was not planted there for me.
 I come to ask you a few Questions:
 Why should a Hodge-podge make you queasy,
 You who for Crowdys have Digestions,
 On whom e'en Haggeffes sit easy?
 I come to ask why the Sublime
 Delights to dwell under *Scotch* Bonnets?
 Why Humour, Wit, Poetic Rhyme,
 Are only found in *Scottish* Sonnets?
 And if in *Scotland* they are found,
 And any one pleases to shew them,
 Either above, or under Ground,
 To lay you Odds you will not know them.
 Also to ask you one Word more:
 What makes the Tories, your good Masters,
 As restless, feverish, and sore,
 As People wrapt in Blistering Plaisters?

Whether

Whether 'tis true that they're so tender,
 And apt of late to take Things ill,
 Because their Friend, the old Pretender,
 Has struck them out of his last Will ?
 Whether 'tis true, or a Whig Fiction,
 That Shoals of Exiles now at *Calais*,
 Will fill up the Whig Dereliction,
 And fill up all St. *James's* Palace !
 If you will tell us this sincerely,
 The Cordial Preacher and Adviser
 Will make you understand him clearly,
 And tho' no better, make you wiser.

P O S T C R I P T.

My Compliments to Doctor *S.*

To whom this Postscript I address.

Physician, Critick, and Reformer,
 Expounder both of Dream and Riddle,
 Historian and chief Performer
 Upon the *Caledonian* Fiddle !

Master

Master of Dedication sweet,
 Renown'd Translator of Translators—
 That like old Cloaths in *Monmouth-street*
 Display their glittering Temptations—
 You are so us'd to a *Northern* Trammel
 You cannot enter into Lyrick Fable,
 One might as well expect to see a Camel
 Pass through a Needle's Eye into a Stable :
 And therefore I am forc'd to study
 To find out something you can understand,
 Pleasant and fresh, tho' somewhat muddy ;
 Just like the Mug of Porter in your Hand.
 And yet, when all is said and done,
 This Something's nothing but a Pun.

A P U N.

You are so very good at Smelling,
 For we have often heard you tell it,
 I wonder you don't change your Spelling,
 And write yourself Profeffor *Smellit*.

T H E E N D.

Master of the House of Commons—
 Renew'd Translator of the Bible—
 This like old Classics in Manuscript—
 Display their shining Virtues—
 You are to us a Western Translation—
 You cannot enter into Jewish Law—
 One might as well expect to find
 The thought a Jew's in your heart—
 And therefore I am loath to say
 To find out something you are not
 Pleasant and I am not in the mood
 Just like the Mag. of Poetry in your hand
 And yet I am a little bit of a
 This something's nothing but a

A T U M

You are so good at singing
 For we have often heard you tell
 I wonder you don't change your spelling
 And write yourself P. R. R. R. R.

T H E E N D

